

# Maister Basse his Careere,

OR

*The new Hunting of the Hare.*

To a new Court tune.



**L**ong ere the Poine expects the returne  
of Apollo from the Ocean Queene:  
Before the creak of the Croe or the break of the day  
in the Welkin is seene,  
Mounted Idelia cheerfully makes  
to the Chase with his Fingle cleere:  
And nimbly bounds to the cry of the Hounds  
and the Puscke of his Careere.

As if doth he trace, through Wood, Parke and Chase,  
when he mounteth his Steed aloft:  
As if he doth runne beyond farre his home,  
and deceiveth his pillow soft:  
As if he expects, yet still hath defects,  
for still he is cross by the Hare:  
But more often he bounds to the cry of his Hounds,  
and doth thunder out his Carere.

Hercules Hunted and spoiled the game,  
wherefoeuer he made his sport:  
Adon did Hunt but was slaine by the same,  
through Iunoes bad confort:  
Nepihaly to, did the Hart ouer goe,  
and he purged the Foxrells there,  
When his horne did rebound, the noise to the hound,  
he did thunder out his Carere.

Now bonny Bay with his foame wareth Gray,  
deepe Gray wareth Bay with blood:  
White Lilly tops, doth lend for their Caps,  
blake Lady makes it good:  
Sorrowfull Warre, her widowes estate,  
forgets these delights to heare,  
And nimbly bounds to the cry of the Hound,  
and doth thunder out his Carere.

Hilles with the heate of the Gallopers sweate,  
Reuines their freezing tops:  
Dales purple flowers, the spring from the showers,  
which downe from the Rowels drops:  
Swaines they repast, and Strangers they haile,  
no neglect when our Hoznes they heare:  
To see a flate packe of Hounds in a Gate,  
and the Hunter in his Carere.

Thus he Careres oze the Hozes, or the mikes,  
ouer dapes, ouer Downes and Clay:  
Till he hath wonne, the day from the Sunne,  
and the evening from the day,  
Sports then he ends, and toyfully wends  
home to his Cottage, where  
frankely he feasts both himselfe and his Guests,  
and carowseth to his Carere.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

# The Faulconers Hunting.

To the tune of *Basse his Careere.*



**E**rely in the moone, when the night's overwoyne,  
and Apollo with his golden beames :  
The Day Starre overtakes, and Cinthia forsakes,  
to frolike with his silver streames.  
We with our delights, and the Paggard in our sights,  
that affronts the Celestiall Syheare:  
With lures and with traines, we gallop oze the plaines,  
to beholde a Canceclare.

From the flit she goes, and her nimble thowes,  
to out fire the whirling winde :  
Onward still amaine, ouer bush ouer plaine,  
till her Gelling gen faintly she findes :  
An vpshot then she makes, till the cloudes she overtakes,  
her ambition rests not there :  
But mounting still she flies, like a Phoenix in the skies,  
and comes downe with a Canceclare.

Pointing in the skie, to the shape of a flye,  
like a sparke of Elementall fire :  
Upward then she tends to make god her place amends,  
till the Retriefe giues her desire :  
So Swallow, noz dove, their clipping wings can moue  
like her when i the Cloudes they appeare : (loue,  
She comes downe from aboue, like the thunderbolt of  
and doth stop with a Canceclare.

Both young and olde prepare, to the sport that is so rare  
from their weary labour comming so; to see :  
Lifting vp their eyes from the plaines to the skies,  
where the wonders of the Welkins be :  
The Spirits of the Ayre in huddles doe repaire,  
the Musicke of the Wels so; to heare,  
And quickly flye apart affrighted at the heart,  
when she stoopes to the Canceclare.

(faint)

The Gallard with complaints in her golden feathers  
while the Paggard with the coy disdain :  
Tryumphant in her prey, concludes the Evening gray  
with a pleasant and a louely gaine :  
Homeward then we wend, & the twilight then we spend  
in discourse our delights to heare :  
Wee talke the Quaille we kilde, and carotose in what is fill  
which goes round with a Canceclare.

**F I N I S.**

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